# UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

*Editors*

John Haynes Holmes  Francis Neilson

## What Must We Do to Be Saved?

*By* HENRY R. MUSSEY

## Abdul Baha

*By* HORACE HOLLEY

## Unarmed and Unafraid

*By* DAVID STARR JORDAN

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Chicago, December 22, 1921

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# UNITY

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## *A Journal of the Religion of Democracy*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

UNITY Fellowship

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXVIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1921 Number 15

### THE TYRANTS' SONG

'Tis not the man with match alight
  Behind the barricade,
Nor he who stoops to dynamite
  That makes us feel afraid.
For halter-end and prison-cell
  Soon quench these brief alarms;
But where are found the means to quell
  The man with folded arms?

We dread the man who folds his arms
  And tells the simple truth,
Whose strong, impetuous protest charms
  The virgin ear of youth,
Who scorns the vengeance that we wreak,
  And smiles to meet his doom,
Who on the scaffold still can speak,
  And preaches from the tomb.

We kill the man with dagger drawn—
  The man with loaded gun;
They never see the morning dawn
  Nor hail the rising sun;
But who shall slay the immortal man
  Whom nothing mortal harms,
Who never fought and never ran—
  The man with folded arms?

—*Ernest Crosby.*

---

Unity has definite convictions on the question of the Four-Power Alliance, announced by Senator Lodge on December 10th. It proposes in fairness, however, to postpone final judgment until the agreement on China, of which this treaty of alliance for the Pacific is only an introduction, has been given to the public. We shall then have before us the complete program of the Conference for the treatment of Far Eastern problems, and shall know just where we stand. Meanwhile, we must confess that the outlook appears to us to be dubious in the extreme. The United States is evidently going to secure an innocuous reduction of certain types of armament, in return for participation in and responsibility for that hoary policy of economic imperialism which is the source of all our troubles. Will the Chinese agreement confirm this forecast?

---

Cannot the situation in the Arms Conference be summed up in the old proverb that "the good is the enemy of the best"? The proverb seems at least to be proving true. The good people of America, the people in every village and city to whom we should take the curious visitor from the Orient, or from Mars, for an introduction, are setting down into their characteristic complacency over the Conference as if this was already "the best possible world," and Mr. Hughes' rather meager proposal for naval reduction was not merely a good enough beginning, but was all that anyone ought to expect from this Conference. Meanwhile this easy complacency is already at war with the only valid purpose of the Conference. The Conference goes on in terms of fear and suspicion. How big a navy may each nation be allowed to keep up? How can we each retain armament enough or how can we club our armaments with those of certain desirable allies, so as to enforce such imperialistic schemes as we may find it desirable to carry out? Thus, our leaders of governments at Washington show themselves exactly the same kind of old-world politicians as got the nations into the war, and at Versailles demonstrated again the extraordinary folly of all their methods of violence. The real purpose of the Conference was never merely to call a "naval holiday" for a few years, as if the regular business of the world was the keeping up of war preparedness! The peoples of the world (*pace* "the good people," already mentioned) hoped this Conference was the beginning of the end—the outlawry of war. What member of the Conference gives us any idea that he is working for such achievement?

---

It is a pity that everyone could not have read Rear Admiral Bowles' suggestions about disarmament as printed in the Springfield *Republican* in October. That veteran naval constructor reminds us of the bluff English admiral, Lord Fisher. Such men never try to mix war and peace. If you want war, prepare for it; so, if you seek peace, prepare for peace. But do not expect peace by keeping up the paraphernalia of war. Admiral Bowles advised us to start by scrapping all battleships, and cruisers too, over 1,500 tons, also all submarines, and this with no talk of a naval holiday. Where are "the good people" now, who are bombarding Washington with resolutions and telegrams, urging the Conference to show their hand, and give the world the best they can possible do for us? Why this astonishing complacency in assuming already that the purpose of the Conference is being carried out? How can its purpose be carried out in the atmosphere that prevails in Washington? The conditions needed are frankness, confidence in one another, humanity: the will to put an end to war. As the Washington correspondent of the *Nation* tells us, the spirit of brotherhood is wanting. This is what the old religious writers meant when they said that we could do "nothing great without God." What if the spirit of brotherhood is God! Are not "the good people" right in the way of the Conference in that they do not even see what the trou-

ble is with it, and do not, somehow, ring in upon it insistent calls for the kind of spirit without which it never can succeed? We have no wish to disparage President Harding. We want him to rise to the height of his manhood. His task demands this. But we do not help him by our easy praise for what he has done. It might help him more if ten thousand of us would frankly ask him, how we can possibly reconcile a sincere desire on his part "to outlaw war" with his own merciless carrying on of the late war against Mr. Debs and the other political prisoners? The attitude of the administration towards domestic subjects of justice and mercy marks the low temperature of the Arms Conference. Is not this true?

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It is at this moment when the Disarmament Conference is wrestling with the problem of limiting armies and navies, when France is being condemned for her insistence upon maintaining her land forces against Germany, when the preparedness argument is having a harder time to survive that at any previous time in human history, it is at this moment, we repeat, that Secretary Weeks, of the War Department, comes forward in his annual report to plead for a reserve army in the United States of 2,000,000 men! The arrangements are all made, he says, "for a more complete state of preparedness than at any previous period in the peace-time history of our country." Just where our enemy is to be found, he does not say; just how this policy escapes the indictment of militarism leveled against French policy, he does not specify. Especially is he silent on the question as to why France, with all her fears, and in the midst of the unquestionable confusion and terrors of Europe, is content with an army less than one-fourth as large as the army for which the War Department is working so feverishly. But he argues for the 2,000,000 all the same! It is an extraordinary "break" in the prevailing sentiment of the hour, only to be explained by the fact that every president these days seems fated to have a cabinet officer who develops a consuming ambition to serve as "court jester." Taft had his Ballinger; Woodrow Wilson had his Burleson and Palmer. Everybody thought that Harding would have his Fall, but Weeks evidently will not have it so. He, and nobody else, must play the part of "fool."

---

UNITY does not need at this late date to add its voice to the chorus of praise and thanksgiving that has greeted the announcement of the settlement of the Irish question. Our voice has been in that chorus from the beginning. "The Irish Free State"—think of what those words mean after the more than seven centuries which have made Ireland the home of oppression, sorrow, and death! Instead of repeating obvious comment of relief and gratitude on this epoch-making event, we choose rather to make one statement, and ask two questions. Our statement is simply this—that, in the light of this settlement, Ireland is seen to have been right, and England wrong, throughout the entire struggle. What Ireland has been fighting and bleeding for, and what England from the days of Cromwell to those of Lloyd-George has refused her, is now granted in the name of justice. Nay, *more* is granted; for until the valiant days of Sinn Fein, no Irish leader pretended to ask what is now received. Ireland, we repeat, has been right from the start! Our two questions, like this one statement, are simple! First, if freedom is granted to Ireland now, why could it not have been granted long ago? And secondly, if it took England seven centuries and a half to do the sensible and righteous thing in Ireland, how many centuries will it take her to do the same thing in India and similar dependencies?

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The praises showered on Lloyd-George for the Irish settlement we would have no part in. Is this man to be thanked for doing what he had to do? Is he to be hailed as Savior, when he tried in vain every way of cruelty and bloodshed, before he moved reluctantly to the way of reason? For three years this English Premier fought the Irish with weapons which would have blackened the shame of Alva in the Netherlands. He imprisoned, executed and butchered their men. He let loose upon their women and children the vilest horrors of modern warfare. He slandered their cause in places of high counsel, and refused their spokesmen hearing in the ears of men. But nothing that his ingenuity could invent, or his wickedness perpetrate, availed to break the spirit of the Irish people. Beaten at every point, he found himself at last set upon by the outraged conscience of a world which was sick of bloodshed and horror. At last, his own people turned against him; he began to hear from the constituencies. Then, with the accustomed agility of the politician, he began suddenly to talk about conciliation, met in friendly counsel with those whom he had outlawed as murderers, and granted a peace which he for years declared to be impossible. Praise Lloyd-George? Yes, if we praise the devil for what he does when he is sick!

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The Methodists are a great people, and no mistake! Note the things said at the Fifth Ecumenical Conference at Wesley's Chapel, in City Road, London! Bishop N. C. Cleaves declared that "you may have race prejudice or not, you may have Christ or not, but you cannot have both. They are mutually exclusive." Bishop C. M. Phillips said there could be no real peace for humanity "until race prejudice is made infamous throughout the world." Prof. Andrew Sledd thought the church was coming to be "a dying curiosity. . . . As now organized," he said, "it does not meet the needs of the times." Dr. H. Maldyon Hughes offered the view that "the conversion of the church to Christianity

must precede the conversion of the world to Christian practice." Bishop F. J. McConnell declared that we must show toward labor something more than the spirit of paternalism, if any industrial problems are to be solved. Such utterances sound to us like the "real thing." We wonder how many so-called liberal churches have held conferences in which such things were said. The spirit of John Wesley is still with us, although one speaker at this very Conference, moved by excess of zeal, doubted if the present-day presentation of Methodist truth would ever have founded such a movement as Methodism.

---

It looks as though we must become reconciled to the fact that we have no literary judgment. We have already made woeful confession of our inability to appreciate Joseph Conrad, who is the favorite of modern epicures. Now comes the crowning by the *Dial* of Sherwood Anderson, whose greatness as a writer we have never at any time been able to see. Has Mr. Anderson mastered his art, as Zona Gale, for example, has mastered hers in "Miss Lulu Bett"? Not at all! "Poor White" seems to us a most uneven performance; it follows no line of intention, and has more loose ends than there are chapters. Does Mr. Anderson know what he wants to say, as Sinclair Lewis, for example, knew what he wanted to say in "Main Street," and John Dos Passos in "Three Soldiers"? Not so far as we can make out! "The Triumph of the Egg" is as incoherent in thought as it is in form; it reminds us of nothing so much as a cow stupidly stumbling about the fragile and fragrant blossoms of a flower garden. The one thing that is really clear in this collection of stories is the obsession of sex, which seems sufficient token these days, to many minds, of genius. Mr. Anderson appears to us, in other words, to be the veriest amateur. He has elemental strength, and genuine ambition; but so has a boy pounding the piano with his fists! If the *Dial* prize is given him in order to enable him to have leisure for the development and discipline of his inchoate powers, well and good! But if the prize is given in recognition of attainment, we again confess that we do not know what literature is.

## What Must We Do to Be Saved?

In the Washington Conference Western civilization comes near confessing bankruptcy both financial and moral. The governments, in effect acknowledging their inability to go farther on the path they have hitherto followed, seek to avoid their own destruction by cutting down the cost of armament, at the same time arranging, if possible, for joint rather than competitive exploitation of the riches of the East, as a condition precedent to living peaceably in the same world with one another.

The Conference meets at a time when hunger and cold and misery grip most of Europe, when unemployment is rife in our own country, when farmers in great numbers stand on the brink of financial ruin, when employers and employed in many fundamental industries stand facing one another in undisguised and bitter hostility. Look where one will over the world of Western industrialism, his eyes rest on scenes of suffering and strife, of bitterness and fear and hatred. The immediate prospect is neither pleasant nor promising.

Nor does a historical retrospect afford great ground for hope. A century and a half ago, the machine came into being. The West was given the possibility of abundance without grinding toil, and the abolition of poverty might not unreasonably have been hoped for. But the machine, instead of freeing, has enslaved us. We have vastly more things than our great-grandfathers, indeed; undoubtedly we are more comfortable than they; we are healthier and live longer. We have bathtubs and steam heat, telephones and airplanes, phonographs and movies, submarines and poison gas. We rush about the country in automobiles, always in a hurry to be somewhere else.

But this multiplication of the paraphernalia of living has added nothing to the breadth and depth and meaning and joy of life. On the contrary, the insecurity of existence for the ordinary man has been increased beyond anything known in history. Grown dependent on these multiplied material goods, he is haunted by the constant fear that he will lose the means of getting them.

Crowding more and more into great cities, we are driven to measure life by its material satisfactions, losing the glory of the sunset, the silence of the deep woods, the springing life of the grass blade and the violet, the cheery call of the quail, the profound peace of the vesper sparrow's note. The worst of it is, that we become the kind of persons who care more for movies than for mountains, more for things than for ideas, more for comfort than for beauty, more for the crowd than for God. And this it is that the machine, as we have used it, is doing to us relentlessly year by year.

Yet further, under the conditions we have established, production has become an end in itself. In the process of grinding out profits we are driven to produce what we cannot consume, and so are impelled by imperious necessity to market our products and invest our capital in Kamchatka and Madagascar, in Patagonia and Singapore. In that process of trade and investment we develop national rivalries and animosities, we touch deeps of selfishness and passion that drive us inevitably on to war.

Nor doth this Western machine-driven, profits-

motived civilization seem to contain within itself any self-correcting tendency. Rather, the process tends to perpetuate and intensify itself. Men become increasingly mechanized, standardized, disciplined and ordered. The community power is thus increased, and that power is placed in the control of a handful of men at the center of government, who as it were by ineluctable necessity, despite their own best efforts, turn it to ends of destruction. We seem to be shut in to drab stretches of Gradgrind peace, punctuated by outbreaks of war more and yet more ferocious.

What is the hope, then, for Western civilization? Some have sought it in the democratic formula. They have believed that if power could only be "restored to the people," who have in fact never had power, the ills of a misdirected production and an incorrigibly bad distribution of wealth would in some mysterious manner be cured. But today no thoughtful and observant man can longer idealize "the people" and assume that if they were given their way misproduction and unemployment and imperialism would automatically come to an end and the world would be free from war and the fear of war. For the people are probably no better and no worse than the business men and politicians on whom it is so easy to blame their troubles. Certainly they are not more intelligent and far-seeing, and there is little ground for thinking them less selfish and grasping. It may be maintained, perhaps, that the selfishness of individuals and groups would in some way cancel out, so that they would be led, as by Adam Smith's "invisible hand," to seek the good of all. But in an age of hardheaded scientific study of society, it is difficult to believe longer in any such prearranged harmony of interests as this theory requires.

If the machine process as we use it, then, tends to create a standardized type of undesirable citizen, if it builds up unprecedented power in the hands of a few persons unable to use it well, and if political progress gives no rational ground for expecting the better exercise of such power, what then? It is easy enough to say that the solution of the problem is economic, that we must substitute service for profits as the motive of our industrial system, and that we should thus remove at a stroke the tendencies whose working has brought us to the brink of destruction. But this is simply to state the problem, not to solve it. How is the machine to be rescued from its servitude to greed and grab, and put at the service of life? Men have sought every sort of economic and political answer to this question, from anarchism at one extreme to socialism at the other, and every solution has halted at the imperfection of the human instrument.

We must have recourse, therefore, to an intelligent, not an undiscriminating faith. We cannot pin our hope to technical progress or to mere reconstruction of economic and political machinery. We can no longer believe in the goodness and unselfishness of men, but we can and must believe in their capacity for goodness and unselfishness. Such a faith we may rest solidly on the teachings of history. History is indeed the repeated story of human weakness and folly and selfishness, but it is no less the story of human capacity for generous enthusiasm and for great action. Such a faith involves no idealization of the common man or the uncommon one—only a recognition of his everyday action and his everyday response to the appeal to the good in him.

Such a faith sets in motion the very forces of leadership and enlightenment by which alone we actually get forward. The man of such a faith is a constant suggestion, a constant challenge to the great body of men who are capable of response if not of initiation. It is the men of such faith who bring about the minor improvements that after all mark the course of history; it is they who in the crises of events summon men to great action; it is they who by unshackled thought and courageous individual experiment must keep the light burning until the present wave of reaction is spent.

A faith such as theirs runs out in large and generous measure to the children and young people whose limitations, whether of emotion or thought or action, are less definitely fixed than those of their elders. It welcomes their enthusiasm, their energy, their hope, their spirit of adventure. It may be that the war has largely spoiled our generation, but it has not spoiled the generation just coming on, and it is to their capacities that we must chiefly appeal.

Such a faith looks with sympathetic interest, not unmixed with hope, at every honest social and industrial experiment, not because it believes that salvation will come this way or that, but because it believes that there remain to be discovered fruitful new forms of human association. While it expects in reason to see most of these experiments fail, it seeks to discover, as a basis for future progress, the actual reasons for the meaure of success or failure that attends each of them. It is not frightened by Russia, nor is it unduly discouraged by the unutterable stupidity that has marked the entire course of human history.

Looking back on that history, such a faith refuses to be daunted even by the apparently insoluble problems that face humanity at this moment. It does not admit that all these problems must be solved in their entirety at once. Rather it seeks to appraise and appropriate the contribution of every group that is anywhere at work trying to devise better means of meeting man's material needs and of freeing the human spirit. It rests on no fatuous belief that goodwill alone is sufficient to solve our present problems, but it realizes that no solution is possible without goodwill. With such a faith and such a spirit, a man can go steadily forward, in darkness and light alike, serene, hopeful, confident, even amid a welter of perplexities and discouragements, by his very spirit helping to find the way. "For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

HENRY R. MUSSEY.

## Another Pacifist Book

Step right up front, dear friends! Don't crowd! Here is another pacifist book for your library collection—written like "Now It Can Be Told," by one of the most famous of the world's war correspondents! We refer to "The Folly of Nations," just published by Frederick Palmer.

Mr. Palmer has seen at first hand every war that has been fought in the last quarter of a century. He began as a young man with the war between Greece and Turkey, in 1897, and took his baptism of fire at the battle of Dokomo. Thereafter he followed the allied nations to Pekin, marched with the Japanese against the Russians from the Yalü to Mukden, went through all the various embroilments in the Balkans, saw all the course of insurrecto fighting in the Philippines, and ended up his career (to date!) in the Great War, which he witnessed in one capacity or another from the beginning to the close. Frederick Palmer knows war if any man living knows it. He knows it in all its phases, and under all its various conditions. And what is his judgment on it? Nothing less than that of the old soldier of fortune, "a tall gaunt man, with a weather-beaten face," and an eye-brow cut by a scar, whom he met at the outset of his career in Greece, and who taught him a thing or two. *"There are no good wars,"* said this wise and grizzled veteran; *"all wars are bad wars."*

Palmer, be it said, is no pacifist. He hates war as few men have ever hated it—hates it because he knows its dirt, its lies, its futilities, its horrors, its waste, its numberless and nameless crimes. But he is a practical man, and when war comes, he knows nothing better to do than to follow the advice of his old soldier of fortune:

> "Always choose the lesser of two evils. I go with the side which I think is nearest the right in war, which sometimes tries my judgment when either side is making so much noise in claiming that it is entirely in the right."

Furthermore, he takes frankly the position that war, bad as it is, has had its place in the historic evolution of the human species. The case for war, as the militarist has put it from time immemorial, is stated with admirable cogency in the chapter entitled, "Old Values." But for these very reasons is Palmer's book one of amazing impressiveness. When a man who knows war, and understands it, and can argue for it, as this veteran correspondent does, deliberately rises up to bear his testimony against it and wash his hands of it—it means something! The values of war are real, says Palmer, but, he continues, "I have called the values the *old* values." Whatever these values were yesterday, they do not exist at all today! War in our age neither has any good or does any good. It confers no physical benefits; on the contrary, it weakens even the survivors. It has no moral value, unless it is moral to "foul your mind with lies and hates," to "plot the killing of fellow human beings," "to surrender your freedom of thought to the drillmaster and the propagandist of war." It wins no power or happiness; victor suffers equally with vanquished. Even the old-time glamor is gone, or rapidly going; already a Pasteur outshines a Bonaparte.

> "The war we make," writes Palmer, "is a juggernaut which must keep on going through the sloughs of blood-soaked mud and over hillocks of human bodies until it has crushed the enemy's juggernaut or foundered. Then the statesmen hold a peace conference, after which the ambassadors of the late belligerents (are) received by the heads of state in an exchange of polite speeches, expressing mutual felicitations and the hope of future good relations."

Mr. Palmer's attitude toward the Great War, in which he took so active a part, is perhaps the most astonishing and surely the most impressive revelation of the book. He refuses to concede that this vast struggle was any different in essential character from any of the other wars, big and little, which he had witnessed in his years of journalistic service. There was nothing in either its origin or purpose to lift it above the foul ruck of a Balkan embroglio or a Mexican raid. It was simply one more instance of "the folly of nations," that is all! He confesses, to be sure, that while the fight was on, he thought differently.

> "I was held to my part," he says, "by my own illusion, as others were held to their parts by their illusions. My illusion was that we were fighting a war to end war, that we were fighting for a new world. . . . Though the dream which I nursed does not come true, it justified for me, as their illusions justified for others, the means to the end; it gave me heart for my task in the period when I served as censor after I was commissioned in our army."

It was his work "as censor" which began for Mr. Palmer the process of disillusionment. When he found on his desk a memorandum from a high staff officer who "enormously admired the Germans," instructing him that "hate was a most important factor in promoting morale," he began to think. From that time on, he was engaged in putting over "hate" by means of lies.

> "What mattered my compunctions," he writes. "What mattered one lie more or less when all our lies were a means to a noble end? I had allowed my personal illusion to influence me in performing my official duty, which was to encourage the war spirit in every one else through strengthening the illusion which most appealed to him."

It was disgusting work, which in the end disgusted an honest man. And "The Folly of Nations" is the result!

The weakness of the book is in its analysis of the causes and cure of the war horror. Mr. Palmer hardly over-stresses the psychological factors involved, but sadly underestimates the economic factors. This is a minor fault, however, in the case of this particular work. "The Folly of Nations" is important, not as a scientific treatise, but as a personal confession. From this point of view it is an invaluable work and should have the widest possible reading.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

# Abdul Baha

Praise be to God that the radiant century hath come. Praise be to God, the springtime of eternity hath pitched its tent. Praise be to God, this is the age of the discovery of the realities of things. Truly I say to you: This age is the age of lights! This age is the age of sciences. This age is the age of the appearance of truth. This age is the age of the extension of the sphere of thought. This age is the greatest divine age. This age is the age of everlasting life. This age is the age of the outbreathing of the Holy Spirit. This age is the age of the flowering of all the hidden virtues of the world of humanity.—*Abdul Baha.*

Abdul Baha was born on May 23, 1844. He died November 28, 1921.

At a time when nationalism, the heritage of all man's recorded past, developed into internationalism, the hope of all the future; when racial prejudice and ignorance first began to realize the virtues of other civilizations and the inner significance of other religions; when democracy, like the face of a moon in eclipse, began to shine through every human activity, a compelling and irresistible force—a time that witnessed the overthrow of human slavery and the rise of woman; a time that witnessed the final dominance of science as the test of truth, and the spread of inventions which revolutionized the daily life of the world: at such a time Abdul Baha lived, a commanding figure of the most ancient virtues serenely harmonized with the most modern ideals.

In effect, Abdul Baha may be called a teacher. His purpose and his influence were to establish an attitude toward life, enabling men to realize the best in themselves by realizing the common foundation of reality in the life of all. His words had the weight of deeds; his wisdom poured forth from the abundance of his experience. His own example spoke first and last, and those who knew him most familiarly day by day, looked upon him rather as a symbol than an individual man. A forerunner in the unseen world of consciousness, many a generation must pass before his teachings have been absorbed into the instinctive being of the race.

To become a teacher whose pupils were to be gathered from every part of the world, Abdul Baha himself was schooled amid influences and conditions without parallel.

It was in 1844 that the spiritual leader, called the "Bab," began his mission in Persia—a mission terminated by his martyrdom in 1853, which led to the death of twenty thousand followers during the next generation. Abdul Baha's experience in this movement began at the age of eight, when his father, Baha'o'llah, was imprisoned in Teheran and the family possessions seized.

Then followed an unbroken chain of banishment, exile and imprisonment, shared by the family of Baha'o'llah and some seventy followers; a chain which led through the vilest of physical conditions to Bagdad, to Constantinople, to Adrianople, and finally to the Turkish prison city of Acca, in Palestine—the chain broken at last by the victory of the Young Turks in 1907, after fifty-four years of extreme deprivation and confinement.

From the earliest age, Abdul Baha made himself the servant of those about him. He stood between Baha'o'llah and the affairs of life; he intervened between his family and their followers, and every hardship it was possible for him to assume. The food of his life was voluntary servitude and pain, which he redeemed and made significant beyond the imagination of the materialistic mind.

In 1893, at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, news of the spiritual movement centered at Acca first came to the American people. Thereafter, year by year in greater numbers, individuals and groups from this country, from England, France, Germany and other parts of Europe, made their way to Acca, or entered into correspondence with Abdul Baha. They came as students, with every conceivable question—physical and metaphysical, scientific and religious, economic and sociological—and Abdul Baha, without a day's formal scholastic training, answered them all. It is these answers, spoken and written, added to the stenographic notes of his addresses taken during his journey through Europe and America in 1911 and 1912, which survive Abdul Baha—which are Abdul Baha, as he himself desired to be known.

The foundation of Abdul Baha's teaching is the principle of unity.

Unity, proceeding downward from the primal Oneness, into the manifested worlds of separation, there undergoing an essential evolution linking together the mineral, vegetable, animal and human worlds—unity lost in principle by human consciousness during a certain period now at an end; unity recoverable amid the present division of experience into the several planes, each with its manifestation upon social existence—unity claiming at this stage of human development a new degree of influence throughout all affairs—thus, perhaps, can the many-faceted teaching of Abdul Baha be realized as one teaching, given according to the capacity of the individual making inquiry of him. It is as the aviator, not the pedestrian, that Abdul Baha points out the road.

Thus, when American students visited Abdul Baha at Haifa, they found similar students from Persia and other parts of the Orient; and the fellowship uniting this group was not mere toleration, mere acceptance—it was rather a spontaneous, joyful recognition of the fact that a spiritual unity always existing could at last be realized in deed. Abdul Baha made it impossible to raise those strictly local or personal issues the very raising of which is a veil between man and truth. He conceived of the unity of East and West as no less vital a thing in the development of humanity than the unity of the faculties of reflection and action in the development of persons. His realization of the equality of men and women was vitalized in the same manner, by the conception of man and woman as spiritual faculties each of which required the other in a perfect state to permit of its own perfection.

And thus, when Abdul Baha addressed his audiences in Europe and America, he developed the great theme of Peace not as the difficult, hesitant, semi-conscious groping together of broken peoples into an agreement to kill no more—not as a step forward in our political thinking conditioned by a past of unceasing war and strife—but rather from deeper levels of experience and vision he witnessed a glorious world-wide civilization established impregnably upon the rock of God-given law; which vision he poured forth as living water to such as thirsted for righteousness.

In brief: from a fulness of harmony within himself, Abdul Baha made harmony vibrate in the things without. He seemed to hold the key to mental and social problems in that he steadfastly conceived of humanity

as one body, animated by one spirit; and those racial, religious and economic conditions which to others represent disastrous divisions, he realized as limbs and organs of the same body, wanting only the power of spirit to co-ordinate one with another even as they were already co-ordinated within himself. Farthest from his desire was to have his followers considered as a separate sect or creed.

A clue to the teachings of Abdul Baha is this, that he did not present truth in the form of definition, to accept or reject, but as the spirit of searching ever for that state of being which is the source of truth, its essence behind and within all definition. He gave facts less than he gave himself. His effort was to make the student his own teacher, by creating within the student a reverence for human existence which opens the book of nature and interprets the chapters of experience. Seeking servitude for himself, he glorified the potential capacities of mankind.

In a work written to inculcate among Persians the progressive spirit of Western science, Abdul Baha said:

Renewed thanks and comprehensive praise are justly due to the Threshold of Unity of the Omnipotent. He hath distinguished and glorified humanity from amongst all the realities in the world of being, by decreeing its true state to be that of wisdom and understanding, the two great luminaries of the universe.

He hath adorned the mirror of creation with new and wonderful manifestations of His will, by the effect and influence of those great gifts.

Thus, if you look with clear eyes into the world of being it will be apparent to you that in every dispensation, the world, by means of the graces of thought and wisdom, hath been adorned with a new revelation and distinguished by an excellent new gift. . . . The nobility and glory of man consist in the fact that, amidst the beings, he is the dawning place of righteousness. Can any greater blessing be imagined by man than the consciousness that by divine assistance the means of comfort, peace and prosperity of the human race are in his hands?

No, by God, there is no greater or more complete pleasure nor happiness than this. How long then shall we seek our own selfish desires on the wings of egoism? How long shall we continue like savages in the depths of ignorance and misery? God has provided us with eyes in order that we should seek throughout the world, and turn towards the causes of civilization and progress: ears are granted to us that, having listened to the wise precepts of the learned, we may become instructed, and girding up the loins of resolution, we may follow their excellent example. Senses and inner faculties have been bestowed upon us, that we may use them for the good of mankind, and that we should become distinguished from the lower nature of men by the solidity and justness of our judgment, and continually engage ourselves in well-doing. Thus we may find a sure defense in the impregnable fortress of knowledge, and at all times be prepared to lay a new foundation for the general welfare of our race; to discover a new system upon which to remodel our existence, and to give it openly to the world.

How noble and excellent is man, if he only attain to that state for which he was designed. And how mean and contemptible, if he close his eyes to the public weal, and spend his capacities on personal and selfish ends. The greatest happiness lies in the happiness of others. He who urges the matchless steed of endeavor on the race-course of justice and civilization is alone capable of comprehending the wonderful signs of the natural and spiritual world. For is it not written: "We shall cause them to see our signs, both in the world and in themselves?"

The Omniscient Lord is my witness, that I seek nothing but the right. For I, a wanderer in the wilderness of God's love, have strayed in a world wherein censure and praise, appreciation and contumely, are of little worth.

If we may seek to lay hold on one fundamental significance of the life and teachings of Abdul Baha which distinguishes him from others, it is probably this: that living at a time when the outer world was undergoing a profound change, he manifested a profound change that must be made in the inner world of consciousness if the new powers and liberties of the race are to redeem and not destroy. And that change is from the physical instinct of survival to the spiritual principle of service. He endowed authority with a new meaning—*servitude.*

But the servitude of Abdul Baha was established on this: the obedience to God, the knowledge of God, the consciousness of God; and the constant effort to become Godlike. Thus could Abdul Baha reverently and joyously serve the lowest and most degraded of men —serve even his bitterest enemies—for to him, man, in this age, was as a prodigal weary of the husks and repentent to return to the house of the Father. In his selflessness, Abdul Baha is a standard by which it is possible to measure the claims of others who utter forms of truth they have not lived.

Abdul Baha voiced and made eloquent the sacred aspiration that yearns dumbly in the hearts of men. He embodied in glorious, triumphant maturity that ideal which in others lies imprisoned behind the veil. Men and women of every race, creed, class and color are united in devotion to Abdul Baha because Abdul Baha has been a pure, selfless mirror reflecting only the noblest qualities of each. He has taught mankind more than mere cessation from warfare and competitive strife—the influence of the humility of Abdul Baha has been to reveal a positive vision of righteousness which shall never die. The physical death of Abdul Baha is like the physical death of the seed; and from this seed, God willing, there will arise a Tree whose fruits of divine knowledge and of love shall suffice to spread a banquet before every hungry heart.

Abdul Baha, the servant of God, has clad himself in the mantle of servitude and devotion for the friends of God: truly, this is a great victory!

HORACE HOLLEY.

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## GOOD MEN.

There were good men in David's town,
When Jesus climbed to Calvary's crown.

Good men who saw him seized and tried!
Good men who watched him while he died!

What said these good men on the street,
When they with neighbors chanced to meet?

What thought these good men, when the night
Curtained Jerusalem from sight?

What prayed these good men, when they trod
The Temple court, in quest of God?

Why . . . much the same as you and I,
Who now see *Debs* in prison lie!

—*John Haynes Holmes in The Nation.*

## Unarmed and Unafraid

The sole condition under which a great democracy may be maintained is that it should be "unarmed and unafraid." Wars arise from war scares, promoted by interested groups fearful of the loss of power. All armament on land and sea is paid for by the money extorted from the body of the people, and through the diffusion of fear and its consequent hate.

In recent times military and naval rivalry has risen like a huge poisonous bubble, which remained unpricked until its explosion all but wrecked civilization.

In spite of this hideous experience the same elements rise from the ruins and urge us along in the same dangerous path—the same "race for the abyss" as a French writer in 1913 called it. The rising bubble has now taken the form of a senseless rivalry among the three nations still solvent, which have no quarrels of any consequence with one another, and of which none wish to attack or fear to be attacked by any other. I know that perhaps a fourth of the people of Japan live in imminent fear of invasion by the United States, and Senator Borah informs us that Washington harbors multitudes of timid idiots who expect any day to see the Japanese fleet in the Potomac.

To be free, and unafraid, a nation must be unarmed, and freedom is worth more than national existence. Indeed Germany has demonstrated that a nation however completely armed goes to pieces without personal freedom.

If some statesmen had gone to the heart of the matter eight or ten years ago and pricked the bubble of naval rivalry, the war might perhaps have been averted.

It is to the boundless credit of Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes that they have gone to the heart of the matter, with an appeal to which the whole suffering world has listened. There is no delegation that can go home to report that it has blocked the game.

Evasions and prevarications were to be expected—but we have had less than ever before. The body of the people of Japan, business men and intellectuals, as well as common folks, are dead set on cutting down expenses and there is but one way to do this, by dropping the giant decorations, the huge navy of Japan. It is the work of the powerful Satsuma clan to exalt the navy as its ally and rival, the Choshu clan exalts the army and imperially invades adjacent territories. The Choshu clan is now quiet, for its sins are well exploited, but the representative of Satsuma must save his face. Any way to do this will serve his purpose; a change in ratio—a change in ships, anything will do so long as it appears to be a compromise.

More and more the people of Japan are coming to recognize that the enemies of Japan are not across the sea, nor across the Gulf, but in the coddled representatives of militarism. The glamor of war glory soon passes away but the burden of debt and taxation remains. On the side of the people is the tireless leader of democracy—Yukio Ozaki—one of the real statesmen of our time, with a large and increasing body of followers, against which Satsuma and Choshu "fight with their backs against the wall." It is noteworthy, too, that Viscount Takahashi, a gentleman whom I know and respect, a leading banker and a pronounced opponent of war and waste, is now prime minister of Japan.

We may be sure, I think, that the Hughes program, which has already received world approval, will be carried through without material change. It does not go very far in itself beyond pricking the bubble of rivalry and fear, but it is the beginning of the end of war. All sorts of half-concealed attacks will be made on it, and this in every country, for each nation's worst enemies are found at home. But these are discounted when the people know what they want and take matters into their own hands. For Hughes and Root do not appear as sparring diplomats but as representatives and attorneys for the American people, whose interests are identical with those of every other people on the globe.

It is to be hoped that "the Naval Holiday" scheme will be accepted. It is urged that warship plants will fade away in ten years of disuse. That would be indeed good fortune especially to Japan, whose back is nearly broken by the cost of these same plants. If she should secure a ratio of 5-5-1 she would be in luck, for she could then build roads, widen her narrow gauge railways, extend sanitation in her crowded cities and neglected villages, plow up and make habitable the millions of unoccupied acres north of her rice-belt, and take her rightful place in the van of civilization. Her military prowess brought her into the limelight, but something far more weighty is necessary if she is to hold her place in "decent respect to the public opinion of mankind."

As to China, her future rests in her own hands. So long as she is supine, indifferent or overrun by bandit soldiers no outside force or pledge of self-restraint can do much for her. It is well that she should understand that she has our sympathies—but that on no account will American soldiers cross the sea to fight her battles. That chapter in our history is finished.

As for America, outside half-foreign seaboard cities this is mainly a land of farmers under heavy taxation and ruined markets. Not one farmer in twenty made both ends meet in 1920. We have only to build a few more capital ships, pile up tariff taxes on our fading commerce and provoke a war with Japan to break the back of every one of them. "That way madness lies," and in that direction most of Europe is headed.

—*David Starr Jordan.*

*Stanford University, December* 3, 1921.

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SWISS EVENING.

O little town beside the azure sea
Dreaming of health and peace and purer joy
Whose terraced lawns with more than flowers burn!
When rose-bloom melts thy twilight mountains I
Have heard the music of Eternity,—
Dream little town, Luzern!

For there is Life and Death and Death-in-Life,
But freedom, friendship, faith, romance and power—
All Life-in-life intenser blossoms here,
Immortal blossoms of the dying hour
In Nature set beyond the world's dull strife
Where beauty conquers fear!

Calm refuge from the cruel iron and shard,
The grief that all the groaning world has filled,
Who gives to weary pilgrims sweet release!
Thy linden lanes and fountains all are stilled
And midnight stars thy mountain ramparts guard—
Sleep little town in peace!

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

## Ceremonials and Culture

The folk-ways which go to make up the sum total of those multitudinous acts which we are pleased to characterize by the term "customs," give to the word a very inclusive meaning—a meaning much broader than that conveyed by the word "ceremonial." Men shave because it is the custom. So, too, on a summer day when Mr. Mercury displays a weakness for large figures, and our gentler sex good judgment enough to dress in garments which afford a maximum of comfort, man retains with all the ardor of a Puritan religionist his airtight collar, and warm, snug form-fitting coat. Why? Because it is the custom.

While custom, therefore, may be applied to any established usage from the wearing of buttons on one's sleeves to a presidential inauguration, the word "ceremonial" is only properly used when reference is made to acts of more or less public significance which seek to mediate ends. The totem and initiation ceremonials of the tribes of Central Australia, for example, so vividly portrayed by Spencer and Gillen in their work entitled "Native Tribes of Central Australia," were enacted in the general interest of mediating the ends of environment hindrances to those of desired life perpetuation.

This attempt to mediate ends makes the ceremonial, as compared with customs, not only more public in its character, but more vital. Upon it is placed a greater emotional tension. "Ceremonials," says Dr. Ames (Philosophy Department, University of Chicago), "are repetitions of the life activities with reference to the furtherance of those activities."

With a definition of the "ceremonial" clearly in mind, let us turn our discussion to a consideration of those cardinal instinctive tendencies which constitute the foundations of ceremonials. In doing this, we will be greatly aided in our discovery of those tendecies if we can divest our minds of modern sophistications. The advantages of civilization have trained us, in part, to think. Early man was not so trained. He did not sit down underneath an oak, there in philosophic muse to ponder over the mysteries of the universe—not he. Mental reflection is laborious, and very few, even in our present generation, work without the stimulus of a potent urge—much less a savage.

We can, perhaps, best understand the mental attitude of primitive man by taking cognizance of our own psychic state during those early morning hours when, warm and comfortable in bed, half awake and half asleep, we merely lie there, unmindful of cosmic forces and moral values. At one time I asked a certain woman, who had from childhood found her chief pleasure in roaming through woods and fields, picking flowers and berries, what she thought about, during the long afternoons thus spent.

"Nothing," she said, "I just like the warmth of the sun, and the pretty flowers; and I am always finding some berries or something to eat."

Man today is not a rational being, and primitive man was far less so. He thought only when conditions compelled him to think; and reflection when stimulated by necessity, keeps operative only long enough to meet the demands created by the necessity. For example, to procure food by hunting, was, for primitive man in certain geographical localities, an absolute necessity. Failure in this enterprise meant starvation. During those seasons when food was hard to find, the pangs of hunger would stimulate the savage to solve the problem of how to secure more food. Due to his natural mental inertia, early man would, when forced to account for failures, seize upon the first solution which presented itself. It is not surprising, therefore, that that bastard science, magic, came strongly in vogue.

If a man hunts one day with a spear to which nothing has been done, and secures no game; and the next day, before starting out he talks to that spear, telling it that it must kill, and on this day secures game, it is not at all strange that he should attribute his success, not to his own prowess, but to the fact that he had talked to the spear. Many a man today, undertaking a new business enterprise, prefers to keep in his pocket a certain coin, or on his finger, a certain ring:

"Not that it makes any difference," he will say, "of course it doesn't; but I wore that ring when I put through that railroad deal, and when I bought those oil shares which have proven to be such a good investment, and, well, it's just sentiment, don't you know; just sentiment." To which remark we smilingly infer that we do know—it would make it embarrassing to reveal ignorance.

These illustrations of magic I have used because they seem to present more forcefully, for the reason that they place on an individualistic basis, the underlying foundations of ceremonials. The marked difference existing between the ceremonial and magic, whether imitative or sympathetic, is that the former deals with the group, and the latter with the individual. In the act of a pregnant woman eating of the first fruit of a certain tree, hoping thereby to impart to the tree added fertility, we have a simple case of imitative magic. Enlarge your scene. Introduce not one character, but a whole tribe. Support the star act with song and dance, and you have a typical primitive ceremony.

The food urge, and the sex urge are the two instinctive tendencies apart from which organic life cannot maintain itself. In a geographical environment not overly lavish with its natural blessings, magic and ceremony appeared to man as the most direct means for solving the life problems created by these tendencies.

In this connection it is interesting to note that within primitive tribes in those tropical climates where the sustenance of life is provided through the year without forethought on the part of the tribes, ceremonials have not been developed, religion has not been fostered, and there is no culture. Or again, among certain tribes in the arctic zone, where the struggle for life is exceedingly intense, we find a corresponding lack of ceremonials and religion.

Ceremonials grow out of the effort on the part of the tribal community to mediate ends. Where there are no ends to mediate, there are no ceremonials; where success has not been achieved in the effort to mediate those ends, there are no ceremonials. Ceremonials, and as we shall see later, culture, flourish in those geographical localities where the urges of life are not too easily satisfied; where the human endeavor to satisfy those organic tendencies results in the presentation of weighty problems—problems which are not insolvable, but problems which require thought in order to solve. The killing of the new born babe by an Australian native, if the mother is still nursing her last progeny, may seem to us a cruel and inefficient way of solving certain food problems; but it is, we

have to grant, an attempt to solve those problems. Or again, to place in a cool spot the knife that has inflicted the wound, will not alleviate the inflamed condition of that wound; but here we have an approach toward a solution—an attempt to mediate ends. The step, after all, from such sympathetic magical treatments, to the direct cooling of the wounded parts, is not a long one —no longer in fact than that from iced packings to the discovery of counter-irritants.

Let us turn now from this hasty survey of those instinctive tendencies which constitute the foundations of ceremonials, to a consideration of the relationship which exists between these early ceremonials and modern culture.

Matthew Arnold has defined culture as the "study of perfection"; Edward A. Sonnenschein as "the complete development of the individual"; and Emerson as "the suggestion from certain best thoughts, that a man has a range of affinities, through which he can modulate the violence of any master-tones that have a droning preponderance in his scale, and succor him against himself." Can we not briefly and accurately define culture as the progressive action on conduct of organized aesthetic and educational values?

Art, literature, music, science—in fact all of the stimulating factors that play a role in the evolutionary development of the human life organism, are factors with which culture is directly concerned. Note, however, that culture is not, in itself, the sum total of educational and aesthetic acquisitions, but rather the action on conduct of these acquisitions.

In pouring nitric acid on copper one obtains immediate action. Using this analogy metaphorically, let us note that culture is not the copper, nor is it the nitric acid, nor even the reddish vapor—culture is the process, the action on the copper of the acid. To carry the figure out, we would have to say that the copper was the human organism; the acid, the environmental stimuli brought to bear on that organism; and the reddish vapor, the conduct or effect produced by the action. Only the action, the process is culture. Now just what is the relationship which exists between primitive ceremonials, and this progressive action on conduct of organized aesthetic and educational values?

Just as the ceremonials have their beginnings in the effort of man to solve the problems rising from the two cardinal urges of organic life, so culture has its beginning in the effort of the ceremonials to solve those same problems. Culture is, therefore, the outgrowth of primitive ceremonials in the same sense as dramatic technique is the outgrowth of playwriting. To draw an analogy between the development of dramatic technique and culture we might say that in simple mimicry we have an element comparable to magic; in the miracle play that which is comparable to the ceremony; in Shakespearean drama a development as superior to the miracle play as religion is to the ceremonial; and in dramatic technique that outgrowth, that development of a process, comparable to culture.

Beginning with magic, and developing through the ceremonial, religion and science, society has been, and is gradually formulating an organized system of control over those environmental forces which seem to determine human destiny. Culture is the action on the individual of this technique of control; hence in just so far as the ceremonial has contributed to the organization of that technique of control, it has contributed to the formation of culture.

Accurately speaking, no person is cultured, in that culture is a process which is never completed either in the individual life or in the social whole. This process remains operative in a life organism just as long as a system of control is brought to bear on that organism. With the development, through the ceremonial, of a technique of control, we had as an outgrowth the formation of this progressive action—culture.

Culture represents a new creation in the scale of life values. Whether it in turn will give rise to something as yet beyond our vista, one cannot say. That progressive action on conduct of aesthetic and educational values, had its origin in "repetitions of the life activities with reference to the furtherance of those activities" is, however, perfectly evident. The relation of the ceremonial to culture is the relation of the creator to the created.

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

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## The World's Great Rebels and Heretics*

### I.

### MOSES.

And when Moses was grown to manhood he went forth to look upon the burdens of his brethren and he saw an Egyptian task-master smiting one of his brethren, a Hebrew slave. And looking this way and that, and seeing no relief, Moses smote the Egyptian and hid his body in the sand.

The first historic Rebel who succeeded in so liberating a people that he became a major historic figure was Moses the Hebrew. The outlines of the life of Moses are undoubtedly correct, and show him to have been a powerful character. Born over 1,200 years before our era, a child of an enslaved people, he by accident was adopted into the royal family and given the best education the civilization of the day afforded. He was taught all the arts and sciences of the Egyptian civilization. But his heart went out toward his enslaved brethren. He would not accept an easy honor at their expense. He was a large, strong man, quick of temper: a man much like George Washington in every way. His heart boiled at the cruelty of the Egyptian task-masters and one day, seeing a master beating a slave he killed him with his bare hands. Flight followed. Again a happy accident, or as I believe, Providence, sent him to the house of a desert philosopher-priest. Out in the desert in flight, Moses sees several men crowding some women away from a well where herds were watered; again the fiery spirit of the man exerts itself, naked-handed and alone he licked the bunch and was taken home to their father by Jethro's daughters. The romance follows, Moses marries a daughter and settles down. Jethro was a wise old mystic-thinker of the desert; what he told Moses, coupled with what Moses had learned in Egypt, made a wonderful man of the exile. He broods and dreams, and at last goes back to lead his brethren to liberty. As law-giver and statesmen Moses made a nation from a mob of slaves and gave the world its first republic. As thinker and writer Moses left a table of laws we still believe in as divine. As champion of the oppressed Moses braved every danger. As a founder of religion Moses joined together the conceptions of the mystic of the desert and the teachings of the civilized, and gave the world its first lofty conception of God. A Rebel and Heretic—how much the world owes him.

ROLAND D. SAWYER.

*See introduction to this series in issue of November 17, page 154.

## A Book a Week

*Mary Badollet Powell Memorial*

THE SAD YEARS. Last Poems. By Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). New York: George H. Doran Company.

Katherine Tynan, who has written an introduction for these final poems of Mrs. Shorter, remembered the author as Dora Sigerson in Dublin in the Nineties. "Her face," she says, "had some curious suggestion of the Greek Hermes." There was "some strange hint of storm" in her beauty. She was highly talented; she wrote, painted and modelled. "She arrived at so much of art without any apprenticeship that the word 'genius' seems not inapplicable to her."

Percy's "Reliques" inspired her to the ballad form of verse; she wrote easily, it would appear, in lyric moulds; perhaps she chose the simple, swinging measures because of their traditional democratic appeal. Even in 1887 she wanted to add her voice to the choir that sang for the freedom of Dark Rosaleen. She was a Parnellite and a friend of the Fenian veteran, John O'Leary. She went with Katherine Tynan to Parnell's funeral; today she sleeps near him. Ireland and art and her friends and family; these were her passions. "She was full of the *joie de vivre*." She enjoyed every moment of her days, even at the last. Straight to the end she possessed a singing heart, though it was of grief she died.

Her interest in small and helpless things was everlasting; she loved animals and "could mimic (them) perfectly." She lived so fully, even the stray under dogs of the Dublin alleys had a place in her sympathy. In this generous love of dumb brutes she found a dear companion in the poet Louise Imogen Guiney, who passed away only a few months ago.

It was at Katherine Tynan's home that Dora Sigerson met Clement Shorter, the critic and journalist. She went to live in England as his bride, but though she was happy there, "her heart was always slipping away like a grey bird to Ireland." The years passed, she lived and wrote. Then came the terrible news of the tragedy in Dublin on Easter Monday, 1916. This news smashed her to the earth, her dream and her life were broken. She who knew both countries could not bear the brutal judgment passed by imperialism on the rebel lads of O'Connell street. Her health failed, she felt isolated and hurt beyond all sympathy. Her devoted husband did all that he could, her friends, her physicians. All effort was in vain. The firing squad destroyed her no less than Pearse and Connolly and the rest. And dying with them for Ireland's sake, her fame is one with theirs eternally.

Surely the first thing about Dora Sigerson was her generous personality. That was her strength—and in the end her weakness, too. Because she lived and loved and worked she wrote. Because she sympathized so deeply with all good things she wrote as she did. Her songs were not hammered out on a literary anvil. They are the songs of a soul, springing spontaneously from her lips in almost finished form. No one could fail to be moved by her endeavors. George Meredith and Francis Thompson praised her work. Swinburne himself, the golden-throated, bowed his applause.

"The Sad Years" is a collection of the last of her songs. She arranged them for the printer shortly before January 6, 1918, on which day she died. Reading them again now, after three years, I am struck with their beauty more forcibly than ever. The war and Ireland's war-time struggle for independence seem measurably remote, but this dead woman's music lives, and will live. That is the glory of singing, that is the majesty of art: that it transcends the grave, even in its slighter forms.

That some of her verse was not of the very highest order cannot be denied, but it is by her best that her work should be judged. She preferred to sing simply, there is little pride in her verse. She was always a woman primarily, then a poet.

Consider the simplicity and plaintiveness of this little lyric, "Nora":

Within an English village yesterday
I came upon a little child at play.
I lingered by to watch the baby game,
And heard some voice call gently on her name.

Sweet, she replied. How leaped my heart to hear
The pretty notes, the accent ever dear,
Shy as the wind soft singing from the South!
I, hungry, kissed the brogue upon her mouth.

Mrs. Shorter had a keen sense for all forms of natural beauty. She knew the mystery and grandeur of open places. No poem testifies to this more strikingly than "The Prisoner," beginning:

All day I lie beneath the great pine tree,
Whose perfumed branches wave and shadow me,
I hear the groaning of its straining heart
As in the breeze its thin leaves meet and part
Like frantic fingers loosened and entwined,
I hear it whisper to the sighing wind,
"What of the mountain peaks, where I was born?"
As sharp tears drop I feel its falling thorn.

As an example of her very last work "The Patchwork Quilt" might be cited.

The tears in these verses are certainly real enough. She had not ceased to love life. But war had made her world strangely unkind. She voiced her protest in many poems, of which "The Question" is typical.

Another impressive war poem is her "Comfort the Women," ending with these words:

Lord, 'mid this discord of Thy Christian world,
'Mid the loud praying of men's hopes and fears,
Comfort the women, let this cry be heard,
For Thou hast known a human mother's tears.

She wrote from her death-bed, "Sick I Am and Sorrowful," containing this stanza:

How I dread the sound of guns, hate the bark of musketry,
Since the friends I loved are dead, all stricken by the sword.
Full of anger is my heart, full of rage and misery;
How can I grow well again, or be my peace restored?

The reference to the Irish executions is plain. It was that ghastly business that drove her from this earth, where singers are so sorely needed. "The Sacred Fire" is her dying tribute to the memory of her dead compatriots:

They lit a fire within their land that long was ashes cold,
With splendid dreams they made it glow, threw in their hearts of gold.
They saw thy slowly paling cheek and knew thy failing breath,
They bade thee live once more, Kathleen, who wert so nigh to death.
And who dare quench the sacred fire, and who dare give them blame,
Since he who draws too near the glow shall break into a flame?
They lit a beacon in their land, built on the souls of men,
To make thee warm once more, Kathleen, to bid thee live again.

Her last word was the sad "An Old Proverb," ending with this stanza:

Over the meadow grass
Slow the moon's shadow pass.
Only the chirp of bird
From the deep hedge is heard.
This in a thousand years
Payment of blood and tears,
Horrors we dare not name,
It will be all the same.
What is the value then
To all those sleeping men?
It will be all the same,
Passion and grief and blame.
This in the years to be,
My God, the tragedy!

A generation hence some of Mrs. Shorter's songs will still be sung; which ones it is surely not for me to say. Her work has the values for which verse is remembered.

What a debt the people of Ireland owe to the poets of Ireland! It seems to have been the poets versus the politicians all these sad years.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### What Austria Needs

Vienna, November 15th, 1921.

To the Editor, UNITY,

Sir:—

I have in my hand one of the saddest letters that I ever read. With a number of others it arrived recently in the office of the Friends' Relief Mission in Vienna, written carefully in a somewhat feeble hand, on a piece of common scratch paper.

I venture to send you a verbatim translation in order that some of your readers may realize more forcefully than they yet do what happens in a country when the currency depreciates, as it is depreciating with phenomenal rapidity in Austria today.

To the American Relief Mission:

We are two sisters, orphans of a minor official, who had a small income and who was unable to save anything for us. One of us is 78, the other 74. We receive a small pension amounting to 300 crowns. We have always labored industriously to support ourselves, but at our present age it is very hard, because the eyes are bad and for knitting very little is paid. We cannot do anything else now and must live on in our suffering and wait for death to deliver us. Old age in these circumstances is indeed terrible. From hunger and undernourishment we have become so weak that we both suffer from dizziness, and therefore do not dare to go out any more. Moreover, we have no more shoes and only threadbare rags of clothes which have been patched over and over.

Now the hard winter is coming upon us, with the terrible cold in our little room, that we could seldom heat last winter. Although we must suffer from hunger through the enormous increase of prices, freezing is even harder to endure.

In this extreme distress we implore the good people of America of whose kindness and generosity we have heard so much. Oh! please, help also us two poor old people by a gracious gift to make our life a little more supportable until our deliverance comes. God will reward it.

*In der Hoffnung auf eine Erfüllung unserer herzlichen Bitte,*
Most thankfully,
FANNY and JOSEPHINE ZWOELFPOTH.

As I write a great storm is breaking over the city, drenching the narrow streets and driving people into the shelter of cold and often cheerless houses. A fall of snow seems imminent. In the shops the prices of foodstuffs are rising almost hourly. A loaf of bread, dark bread, costs 34 crowns; a kilo (two pounds) of potatoes, 64 crowns. A can of condensed milk cannot be had for less than 400 (all fresh milk goes to children's institutions and the sick) and lard that sold at 360 crowns a kilo in September has jumped to 1,100. The prices of eleven staple foodstuffs have increased 109 per cent, in the same number of weeks. The professor's family with whom I live have just managed to pay fifty thousand crowns for a wagonload of coal.

This is the desperate situation in this wonderful city at the opening of winter. I do not know what will happen before spring returns; it is apparently going to be the worst winter since the war. Death and violence and plundering and disease on a large scale are ready to invade the city and claim the streets where Mozart and Haydn and Schubert and Beethoven and Strauss found inspiration and set flowing in the world its loveliest music. Disease and plundering and violence and death will come without any of the redeeming idealism of a constructive social revolution or aspirations of proletarian emancipation. For Bolshevism has played itself out in Vienna and the Socialists are still in control of the city administration, to their regret, I imagine. They cannot seize power from themselves, and seizing power will not produce food or stop the depreciation of the currency. It is not the wage-earners, moreover, who are the worst situated in this crisis. Through their revolution and their organization they have established the 44-hour week (which in fact means considerably less because of innumerable holidays and recesses) and their wages are continually being raised in an effort to gain on the treadmill of the cost of living. It is rather the professional and middle classes in Vienna, as in all Europe, who are at the point of despair. It is these people who have given to Vienna its indescribable charm, who are themselves the most cultivated and friendly people in Europe, who are caught in a kind of golden doom from which there is no escape, and who are facing a "grim winter of discontent" with what fortitude only those who have been privileged to live for a time among them can understand. I wonder whether Americans at home who applaud the music of the "Eroica Symphony" or find delight in waltzing to the "Beauitful Blue Danube" realize what the extinction of the gracious civilization which created them means to Europe and to the world?

Relief activity is no longer either adequate or moral. Not until the problem of the stabilization of the currency has been manfully faced and solved will the situation be improved. There is no good reason why a stable international money, adequately guaranteed, for example, by an Anglo-American banking group, should not be issued. If issued in proper quantities, with the co-operation or assent of various governments, it would rapidly win for itself acceptance in a half dozen countries of bankrupt Europe, particularly among the Balkans and the "balkanized" countries, which are trying to live without recognizing the absolute necessity of free economic intercourse and co-operation, and are, therefore, living very unhappily. A proceeding of this kind, or even the mere granting of sufficient credit to Austria and other countries, if combined *with a large measure of disinterested and honest financial control and with internal fiscal reform,* would be sufficient to insure a stabilization of the fluctuating and generally sinking exchange and to secure the basis of modern civilized life, thus preventing the development of social chaos and disintegration with its appalling suffering, and rendering foreign relief work as unnecessary as it

## THE FIELD.

*"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"*

### ANOTHER WORTHY CAUSE.

[There comes to us from Geneva the following excellent tribute to the *International Bureau for the Defence of Native Races,* by Rev. J. Braunstein. This organization is in need of funds, which may be sent to Prof. Ed. Naville, Chemin de Tournes, Champel, Geneva, Switzerland.—EDITORS.]

The cause which we desire to introduce today to our readers is not recent, but has been lately revived; we feel it worthy of arousing their interest and sympathy, and Geneva might well be proud of an activity of so much far-reaching signification. It is the *International Bureau for the Defence of Native Races.*

Since white men settled among colored races, seizing their territories to build their own colonies, everybody knows their real aim has not been the extension of true civilization, of liberty or happiness among those unlucky brothers.

With fearful cynicism, they too often abused them, and despoliation, deception, harsh treatments, destruction, were their common means of conquest. Everybody knows of the horrors of the Slave-Trade, and who has not heard of the "Red-Rubber" dealers?

But, while the traders, greedily and shamelessly, were engaged in their business, often backed up by the indulgent complacency of European governments, there started, in a few countries, a movement in behalf of the abused and defenceless Aborigines.

Christians, explorers whose sincere conscience would not allow them to wander blindly like mere commercial travellers, ethnologists, straightforward men—having simply a human heart—and unable to admit that any being not possessing our blessed whiteness of skin, should be regarded as vile cattle, good enough to be unscrupulously misused, these men united in their respective countries, and founded anti-slavery associations or societies for the protection of Aborigines.

Indignant over many scandalous colonial processes, haunted by the clamors of the tormented races, they aimed to bring the governments to take a frank position, and openly reprobate the crimes they had no right to appear to ignore any longer.

This effort gave birth, in 1890, to the "International Maritime Bureau of Zanzibar" and the special "Bureau of Brussels." However these two enterprises hardly changed anything in the said conditions already firmly set up. * * *

Far seeing minds soon became aware there was nothing to expect from official institutions, bent on lulling rather than satisfying the public opinion. In 1891, already, Professor Louis Ruffet of Geneva, showed the necessity of applying to private initiative. "In every country," he stated, "associations must be created, then they will have to federate, stand by each other and form a coalition." This wish of the venerable Christian was realized twenty-two years later. In the spring of 1913, on the initiative of Mr. Louis Ferrière, the great national leagues already existing in England, France, Germany and Switzerland, decided to create in Geneva the "International Bureau for the Defence of Native Races." This new office immediately set to work and undertook a few campaigns, only too urgent, alas! But the war came on, other preoccupations filled the hearts, and the uproar of hatred covered the clamor of sorrow and pity which was about to burst throughout the world. It was useless to speak.

The cataclysm is over, leaving a maimed humanity; everywhere men of good will feel the imperious duty of rebuilding the world on a better basis. The International Bureau has then been reorganized, with the clear vision of the importance of the task it has to carry out. We need only enumerate the names of the men who constitute its managing committee, to grasp the valuable and strong meaning of such an institution. The President is M. René Claparède; the Vice-Presidents: M. Louis Ferrière, Paul Moriaud, Eugène Pittard; M. Edouard Naville, who always figures wherever there is a great international cause to serve, is the honorary treasurer; M. Eugène Mercier-Glardon has taken the functions of general secretary, and M. Edouard Junod those of secretary-cashier; and M. Edmond Privat is delegate to the press.

What will be the activity of this Bureau? It will, in fact, be the accomplishment and enlargement of M. Ruffet's program. It will do its best to promote the creation of National Leagues for the protection of native races in every country. * * *

The very important English League "The Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society" has joyfully greeted the revival of the International Bureau of Geneva and two of its most prominent members have recently honored us by their visit. M. John Harris first came on occasion of the philarmenian meetings where he soon exerted a considerable influence. Last week we had the visit of Sir Harry Johnston, one of the most attractive personalities we ever met. He gives the impression of a man full of energy, intelligence and goodness, strong and youthful, he hardly seems older than fifty, although he is 62 years old. When a young man of twenty, he had travelled through Africa; he has seen it in all its horror and primitive nakedness. He has lived among cannibals and has seen the Black tremble before their awed chiefs. His perfect knowledge of the African world has made him known. He was appointed High Commissioner of Nyassaland, Governor of Uganda where he created so liberal and political organizations and made so just a repartition of the land that specialists can only admire his methods and recommend his example. The indefatigable traveller is also a painter, historian, linguist and a successful writer. I have had the privilege of spending an hour with him, and have listened to him with keen interest as you may think.

"No other society," says Sir Harry Johnston, "is capable of accomplishing the task of the International Bureau of Geneva. We, as colonial nations, can but be humiliated by what is tolerated in our colonies, we thus have not the authority needed to strive against the abuses which are done by others. Further, our solicitude towards foreign natives shall always be suspected of political interest or ambition. The Swiss, therefore, are perfectly free to speek frankly. Every national group ought, thus, to enlighten and help them resolutely. There are, in every country's colonies, facts and customs which are the shame of so-called civilized races, facts which must disappear. The disappearing of this evil, to the fulfilment of which Switzerland can be of great help, is a step forward in the creation of the new world coming. Unto

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is already morally unsound and physically inadequate. A fundamental economic restoration probably is not possible until the confederation of a large part of Europe becomes more than a phrase but credit-power alone, wisely administered, can do very much toward remaking and reintegrating this broken and blundering and often blind and bigoted world without any convocation of the futile or dangerous debates of pettifoggying politicians or any incitation of artificial antagonisms or irritating and irreconcilable issues. When, O Caesar, will your wretched victims learn to take care of the economics and let the politics and mock heroics take care of themselves!

BRENT DOW ALLINSON.

this day colonial questions are always being regarded as business affairs. It is now in the interest of whole Europe to break off with all iniquity in its relations with the native races, for the latter are no more the miserable herd we often fancy. One of the most considerable accomplishments of the Christian Missions is to have succeeded in giving them the sense of their dignity. They now understand that they are *men*, and if we do not treat them as such, we will only develop in them a spirit of hatred and revenge towards the white, instead of inspiring them with brotherly regard. To work in their behalf, is to prevent or, at least, to soften the conflict which will undoubtedly break out when the natives, fully conscious of their power and rights, will speak to their masters face to face."

Such is the opinion of one of the greatest authorities in these questions.

Thus understanding the urgency and beauty of the work the International Bureau of Geneva is undertaking, we greet it with keen sympathy and interest, promising our support. Jesus said: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." (*Luke* IV:18, 19.)

J. B.

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